

A NUPTIAL
1078²¹ + 5
DIALOGUE⁴

Between a young LIBERTINE,
and an old canting rich WIDOW,
whom he had Marry'd for her Mo-
ney.

To which is ADDED,
Moral REFLECTIONS thereon.



DUBLIN:

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PLATE

FIGURE 1

FIGURE 2

FIGURE 3

FIGURE 4



FIGURE 5

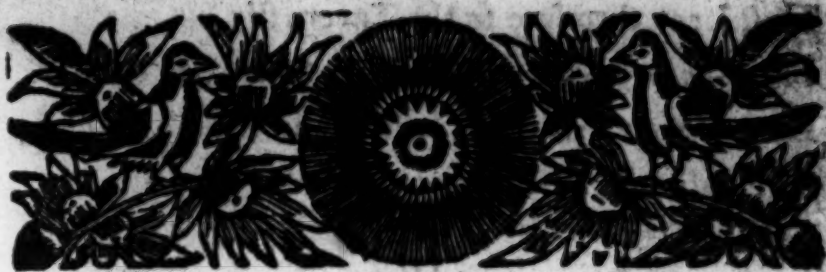
FIGURE 6

FIGURE 7

FIGURE 8

FIGURE 9

FIGURE 10



A Nuptial

DIALOGUE,

*Between a young LIBERTINE, and
an old canting rich WIDOW, whom
he had marry'd for her Money.*

HUSBAND.



Rithee, old Granny, hold thy jar-
ring Tongue ;

Tho' you are old and Toothless,
I am young.

Fill not my Ears with Noise, or
Breast with Cares,

But mind thy Brandy-Bottle, and thy Pray'rs.

What, tho' I've warm'd thee in my Nuptial Sheets,
And thaw'd thy frozen Limbs with joyful Heats,

Must I not therefore to the Tavern stir,
But thus be teaz'd with so much Chum and Chir?
Forbear your Preaching, with your Cant have done;
Sure, Mother Wife, you take me for your Son.

Wife.

I only do what ev'ry Woman shou'd,
'Advise a wicked Husband for his Good.
Do you not ev'ry Day swear, game, and drink?
What will become of your poor Soul, d'ye think?
Do you not keep a Strumpet young and fair,
In better Dress than I presume to wear?
Treat the leud Slut? and Coach the Trull about;
Whilst I, alas! am glad to walk on Foot?
'Am I not forc'd to go to Church alone,
Neglected by my 'Spouse, as if I'd none?
Whilst you, perhaps, the Holy Sabbath waste
In the vile Arms of some lascivious Beast.
O fie! my Dear, what can you think will prove
The sad Event of such unlawful Love?
Body and Soul must for your Pleasure pay;
And when you've squander'd your Estate away,
The gaudy Snakes you have so oft embrac'd,
Who help you to expend your Wealth so fast,
Will triumph o'er your sad decay at last.

Husband.

Husband.

Such Doctrine from a Priest, is well enough;
 But from a Wife, 'tis very nauseous Stuff.
 What Man would mind the most authentick Truth,
 Spoke by a Magpy, or a Parrot's Mouth?
 Kind am'rous Lectures, from a Wife that's young,
 Delight the Ear, and well become her Tongue;
 But such long Sermons, and Reproofs as these,
 From an old Hag, are a confounded Teaze;
 Such rev'rend Speeches, from a grisly Jade,
 Fitter for Witchcraft, than a Nuptial Bed,
 Can ne'er be pleasant to an airy 'Spouse,
 Too young for barren Joys, and wrinkl'd Brows;

Wife.

Fool that I was! O! curse the fatal Hour,
 In which I gave my Bags into your Pow'r;
 What fawning Proteſtations could you make,
 And Vows, to keep what now each Hour you break?
 Did you not swear, that I should always find
 Your Words respectful, and your Actions kind?
 But now, alas! your Flatt'ries have obtain'd
 My useful Wealth, my Person is disdain'd;

My Age despis'd, my Nuptial Hopes buffoon'd ;
 My Love but laugh'd at, and my Fortune ruin'd ;
 And, because destitute of youthful Charms,
 Hatelul my Bed, and nauseous are my Arms.

Husband.

Faith, Madam, if you'd know the real Truth,
 I can't join Lips with such a toothless Mouth ;
 Which, like *Pandora's* Box, affords such Fumes,
 That smell of Death, and stink of rotten Gums.
 I cannot kiss, when you have done your Pray'rs,
 And your Cheeks clammy with repenting Tears :
 Or can I hug, when I have heard your Groans,
 A wither'd Skinful of such mouldy Bones.
 Your Pains and Aches fright me from your Arms,
 I can't be tempted where there are no Charms.
 Therefore, since you would be so vain, to buy
 So young a Spouse, when you were past the Joy,
 My Sins are chargeable on your sweet Tooth,
 Which, in your Age, had such a Lust to Youth :
 For who can, in his Prime and Vigour Wed
 A wither'd Relict, toothless and decay'd,
 And not, for Beauty's sake, defile his Marriage Bed ?

Wife.

O wicked Man! why would you then approve
 A Woman for your Wife, you could not Love?
 If Age, that's destitute of Female Charms,
 Be so obnoxious to your younger Arms,
 My Failings could not, from your Eyes, be hid.
 The Faults you find, you in my Looks might read,
 Before your Flatt'ries brought me to agree
 To give you Title to my Wealth and me.
 Why then would you so ill a Match pursue,
 To make me wretched, and yourself so too?
 If you foresaw my fading Years would prove
 So great an Antidote to Nuptial Love,
 Why would you put on Nature such a Force,
 As to join Age for better and for worse?
 Therefore, since you, who knew me to be old,
 With all my Faults, would wed me for my Gold,
 'Tis barb'rous now to slight me, and despise
 My Age, for my foreseen Infirmities.
 Since I, to make you happy, have resign'd
 My Wealth, you ought in Conscience to be kind;
 And not to waste that Riches, which I brought,
On common Sluts, most scandalously nought:

For

For since I gave you what you spend on them;
 The Donor ought to share in your Esteem;
 Because consider, Wretch, that 'tis my Gold
 Helps you to younger Flesh, tho' I am old.

Husband.

'Tis true, your Age and Money are the cause
 That I so oft transgress the Marriage-Laws:
 For who can bury'd lie in wither'd Arms,
 That wants no Wealth to purchase youthful Charms?
 If you, with rev'rend Furrows on your Brows,
 Would hazard all, to wed a strenuous 'Spouse,
 How can you think, that I should be content,
 I, who am youthful, and to Pleasures bent,
 To waste my Days, and fool away my Nights,
 With a dry Skeleton, past Love's Delights?
 If frozen Age, i'th' Winter of decay,
 On a young Mate would fling her Wealth away;
 Pray how can such a Wife, with Justice, blame
 A youthful Husband, when he does the same?
 For if Love's Appetite will prove so strong
 In aged Veins, who have enjoy'd it long,
 Well may the Brisk and Youthful run astray,
 Since old decrepid Letchers shew the Way!

Wife.

Men always frame a plausible Excuse
For lawless Freedoms they are prone to use.
The Wicked their Evasions never want;
The Villain labours to be thought a Saint;
And if detected, slyly casts the Blame
On others, that himself may shun the Shame.
Those who the worst of Villanies pursue,
Still plead Necessary for what they do;
And ev'ry common Prostitute, pretends
She Sins for want of Money, or of Friends;
When 'tis alone their Lust, for want of Grace,
That spurs them forward to be lewd and base.
So you would make my barren Age, the cause
Why you offend, and break good Heaven's Laws;
When your own sinful Appetites mislead
Your wav'ring Heart to wrong your Marriage-Bed.

Hasband.

Prithee, old Woman, hold thy teasing Tongue;
Thou'rt ancient, and forget that I am young.
Would you remember, when with Beauty arm'd,
How ev'ry Lover's Kiss your Fancy warm'd;

How

How brisk and gay, how frolicksome you were;
 When youthful, pleasant, forward, kind, and fair;
 What subtil Arts you've us'd to win a Spark;
 And how you've wish'd to meet him in the dark;
 How close you kiss'd; what Pleasures you have stol'd
 And what strange Things he did to charm your Soul;
 How you first nibbl'd at the tempting Hook,
 In spite of all the care your Mother took;
 How you thought this the sweetest Man alive;
 Yet would next Day some new Intrigue contrive;
 What Vows, with Reservations, you have made;
 How many you have lov'd; what Fools betray'd:
 How oft you wrong'd your Husband in your youth;
 What Lies you told, yet vow'd them to be Truth;
 What Stratagems you form'd; what strange Fatigues
 You run thro', to accomplish your Intrigues;
 What plausible Excuses you would coin,
 To cheat the Fool, and manage your Design;
 Would you but recollect such Things as these,
 And think on all your past Enormities,
 You would not then so great a Wonder make
 At all those youthful Liberties I take;
 But say, my Dear, I own it is no more,
 Than I my self, when young, have done before.

Wife.

O! wicked Man, to harbour such a Thought!
What, do you think I, in my youth, was naught?
O fie! my Dear, such Censure only shews,
The wicked Muse of others, as they use.

Husband.

Prithee, I know you're made of Female Mold,
Am'rous when young, and penitent when old;
Therefore I'll leave you to your Pray'rs and Tears,
Fit Recreations for your reverend Years.
But I from Tavern must to Tavern strole,
Where sparkling Wine revives my drooping Soul;
And Boon-Companions ov'r the Bottle meet,
To cheer the Heart, and exercise their Wit.
Therefore, old Grannum, let us thus agree;
I'll drink for you, and you shall pray for me.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WHAT Youth of either Sex, whilst warm
with Love and active Vigor,
Tho' brib'd, is able to conform
To Age, and all its Rigs?

Wealth

*Wealth cannot ballance the Delights
Of Bacchus and of Venus;
When Beauty charms, or Wine invites,
Our Vertue shrinks within us.*

*Old Mothers, with their Bug-bear Tales,
May make their Daughters tremble;
Yet Nature, when they're ripe, prevails,
And then the Sluts dissemble.*

*All their external modest Shews
Of Piety and Vertue,
Are but the cunning Ways they use
(My am'rous Friend) to court you.*

*Nor can the Letcher, old and dry,
That weds a youthful Beauty,
By Money, Padlock, Bolt, or Spy,
Oblige her to her Duty.*

*What crazy Hag can then expect
A young Man such a Bubble,
That he should Beauty's Charms neglect,
To gratify old Stubble?*

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